

Think you're too cool to write for the Omen?
Well, you are. And the Omen needs you for just that reason.

THE OMEN

April 12, 2002

Volume 18

Number 5



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Volume 18, Number 5

April 12, 2002

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"Sir Mix-a-Lot"

THE OFFICIAL OMEN STAMP

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Christine Fernsebner Eslao
Back Cover by Brooks Reeves



to submit

Submissions are due *Fridays before noon*. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: *Merrill 8007, Box 853, x5303*. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to *ajm68@hampshire.edu*. Finally, you may also drop documents in *\\london1888\inbox\$* on the PC Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

The lamb of God doesn't usually have frosting.

Quote attributed to Christine Fernsebner Eslao



TAKE THIS MOD AND SHOVE IT

an editorial

A few weeks ago, you all got a booklet about the new campus-wide lottery. I trust you've still got your copy? Of course you do. It would be very immature of you to throw it away and then bitch to Linda Mollison when you get dragged from your mod, kicking and screaming. So let's look at it now.

The first thing you'll notice is that the lottery, true to its name, will be campus-wide; every single mod is up for grabs. This has been a long time coming (three years, to be exact.) It marks a significant shift in the philosophy behind the mods, away from the old system in which students usually kept their mod from year to year, inputting people as spaces freed up to keep their legacy secure. Now, although you get a bonus point when trying for the mod you're in, the mod is no longer just handed to you. That's an important distinction.

Speaking of points, that's the second big change. Before, you got points based on your Divisional progress: points for having filed Div II, points for having filed Div III, and an extra point for being a transfer student. Now points are given for seniority. I think this is good; while rewarding academic progress with housing is a good idea, that's not how the old system worked in practice. In practice people ended up filing Div II early just to get lottery points. It's surprising what people will do to cook their own food and lose track of their friends in the dorms.

I don't know what motivated these changes, but they are a commendable step to eliminate what I consider the main problem with the mods, which is the feeling of entitlement they foster. Think

about it: Hampshire has two classes of housing. One (the dorms) is more or less the default; the other (the mods) has to be rationed out on the basis of how well you can form a clique. (Okay, so I'm a bit cynical.) Once people get in a mod, they are allowed to think of it like a permanent residence; after all, it's got a kitchen and a bathroom that doesn't look like it came from a truck stop - just like an apartment. Now, since you have to lottery to retain a mod from year to year, hopefully this attitude will become less prevalent.

I'm not too optimistic about that, though. I personally think Hampshire's housing setup is pretty bogus. At most schools, you've got a bunch of different dorm areas, each of which has its own good and bad points. Some may be more desirable than others, but this is up to personal preference. At Hampshire, you've got the mods, and you've got the rest. This creates, and I can't believe I'm using this word, a hegemony where the mods are considered objectively better housing. Since I don't subscribe to that view, I've felt pretty burned by this. But we're sort of locked into this system, considering we can't bulldoze the dorms and mods and try again, so I'm glad the housing policy is trying to make things a little more civil and a little less possessive.

Here's what I find interesting: if you look at the college's 1992 "master plan", you'll see the outline of a new dorm complex on campus. And curiously enough, this outline is located right on top of Greenwich. Maybe more diverse dorms are in Hampshire's future. As soon as we get the money.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

IN PRAISE OF MASSPIRG

Are you happy with the world today? Would you say that your opinion is being represented by those who represent you? I'd bet most of you (if not all) would say that your legislators don't represent the public's interest in their actions. And you'd be right. Companies and special interests have millions to spend to shut us out of the process. How else could a government that professes to be for the people allow half

of Americans to live where the air is unsafe to breathe? Or let untested new food items (genetically engineered) onto store shelves and in the environment? Or deny that global climate change is a reality when ignoring it will eventually make most of this planet uninhabitable? And on and on. So what do you do about it?

I don't know what you do about it. But MASSPIRG is doing something about it. And you're helping them by supporting them on campus through funding and your involvement. MASSPIRG works to make sure that special interests' agendas are not the only ones represented in the decision-making process. All too often they are allowed to pollute the environment, rip off consumers and endanger public health with little or no repercussions. MASSPIRG takes a multifaceted approach to making sure the public's voice is heard.

So why is MASSPIRG here on campus? As students, we are an incredibly powerful political resource. We have time. We have energy. We are enthusiastic about the possibilities of making change in society. Students have set up MASSPIRG chapters all over the country, including 24 other campuses here in Massachusetts. We want to make sure that decision-makers know that we don't want to be screwed on an every-day basis

As students, we are an incredibly powerful political resource.

We have time. We have energy. We are enthusiastic about the possibilities of making change in society.

by oil companies, chemical giants, agribusiness, multinational banks, the tobacco industry, etc., and on and on. We pool our resources and hire professional staff to be at the capitol every day,

to research the problems we see, and represent us to decision makers. Who else is out there making uncompromising demands on corporations and legislators to do what is right for the people? MASSPIRG is one of the most effective groups out there, and we're lucky to have them.

Do some research. (masspirg.org) You'll see that MASSPIRG passed the bottle bill, passed the beaches bill, passed the children and families protection act, won the filthy five campaign, won the campaign for more energy efficiency in Massachusetts, exposes consumer

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by Nathan Frederick, contributor

GLOBAL SUSTAINABILITY FESTIVAL

by David Marko, contributor

Global Sustainability Festival will be held at University of Massachusetts in Amherst, Massachusetts, May 3-5 (Friday, Saturday and Sunday), 2002. This event celebrates the universal vision for sustainable environment, viable economy, and global equity.

The Festival is packed with inspirational and informative days of speakers, workshops, entertainment, and networking. This conference is an excellent opportunity for all participants to SMILE: to share, meet, investigate, learn, and get energized.

The event is sponsored by UMASS Students for Sustainability. It is co-sponsored by UMASS Garden Share Project, Earthlands, CISA (Consumer Involved in Sustainable Agriculture), New England Small Farm Institute, Sustainable Step New England, and many other organizations.

"Many people today are expressing concern for the oppressive relationships that exist between races, ethnic groups, classes, nations, humans, and non-human life of this planet. Sustainability is an opportunity to affirm the com-

monality of many different forms of oppression and to affirm our collective will to rid the world of oppressive relationships on every level." Teddy Mailey

"Sustainability is about economics, the environment, society & culture. How we define & deal with these aspects of our lives reveals who we are, what we believe in and what we want to create for the future. What better way to learn about this than through a huge, educational festival? Sustainability is also about passion and consciously bringing about the changes that this world needs to sustain abundant, healthy life".... "The sustainability conference will in part be a celebration of our power to create the future!" Helena Farrell

"Sustainability is a unity force in a recent movement to create a new culture across the world. It is a broad reaching subject, which addresses social, environmental, and economic aspects of culture. It strives to create balance and quality for all people and the earth. Together we can create great change".... "Set the stage for future generations to flourish." Will Savage

"Sustainability is a means as well as an end.".... "Caring for yourself and the world around you. Health of ourselves and the planet.".... "Sustainability is an ancient way of living in modern times to stop destruction and promote conscious evolution" Benjamin Shields

Sustainability is about living in the moment: if we live in the present, we will have no worries for the future; for the present moment is the thing our energy should be focused on. Therefore we may handle every situation we encounter with full spirit, ensuring that our spirit speaks the truth! Maggie Luther

"Sustainability means that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for the entire planet is our inalienable duty today and, hopefully, an inalienable right tomorrow." Sai Ravela

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Subject: Global Sustainability Festival at UMASS Amherst, May 3-5 2002



continued from page 4

IN PRAISE OF MASSPIRG

rip-offs all the time, and on and on. This is an organization that takes a hard line on winnable campaigns and works its ass off to win them.

On April 17th, 18th, and 19th there will be a referendum on whether or not we want to continue to support a MASSPIRG chapter here at Hampshire. "Sup-

port" means using \$7 per student per semester of the student activities fee to help make sure that there is an advocate working on our side on these crucial issues. The student activities fee was recently increased by \$25 per semester, so none of those \$7 comes from any funding that any other student group was

already receiving. We're talking clean air, clean water, fair lending practices, GE free foods, cleaner democracy, accountable business practices, protected public lands, fewer toxins, and on and on. VOTE YES on April 17th, 18th, and 19th. It's a friggin' good deal.



Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



AND I'M NOT EVEN INVITING J-Lo. OR HER HAIR.

by Gwynne Watkins, columnist

The Oscars inspired me this year. First of all, there was the "history-in-the-making" sort of inspiration: Halle winning, Denzel winning, and Sidney Poitier's speech. (I cried.)

Then there was the "gee, I'm enjoying myself" sort of inspiration, which mainly happened during the Errol Morris film and the Cirque De Soleil performance.

And there was another sort of inspiration: the inspiration that comes with anger. Because really, in a perfect world, the Oscars would have turned out a little differently. For one thing, the gender proportions were a little off. At last count, 17% of Hollywood's behind-the-scenes employees are women. Granted, this is a little low, but that's nearly one fifth - so why were old white guys accepting all the awards? (Sadly, the Oscars have a better running tally than the Tonys; even more women are employed in theatre, and even fewer win awards. Grrr. Fight...urge...to...destroy...)

Also, on a less serious level, I feel that every really outstanding actor deserves an award. I'm happy that the Lead Oscars went to the right people. But couldn't Judi Dench and Ben Kingsley have gotten something too, just for being awesome? (Okay, so they've been knighted. Bad example.) And why did nobody invite John Cameron Mitchell, let alone nominate a song from "Hedwig?" (Enya,

for cryin' out loud! Enya.) In Gwynnoland, all awesomeness is rewarded equally.

So in honor of Awesomeness, I'd like to take this time to recognize those people and things that have most entertained me over the past year. They all get their own category. 'cuz they're special. So pass the ballots and skip the patter: the Gwynnoland Awards for Universal Awesomeness go to...

Best Comic Strip: The Boondocks. This strip, about a prepubescent black revolutionary and his pals, is the best reason to get excited about the Sunday paper since Bill Watterson retired. Aaron Gruber strikes the near-impossible balance between razor's-edge social commentary and lovable characters (more amazing since none of them ever smile). Think "Calvin and Hobbes" with an agenda. If he adds an imaginary tiger, I'll be in three-panel heaven.

Best New Sitcom: The Osbournes. "Reality sitcom" sounds like an act of MTV desperation until you mention Ozzy - simultaneously the weirdest and most normal person on the planet. Like when the Osbournes moved into their new home, one stack of boxes was labeled "Dishes," "Glassware," "Dead Things," and "Devil Heads." They're insane. Like your family. If your dad was a bird-mutilating rock icon.

Best Gift Purchased Ille-

gally on Ebay: A bootleg copy of the opening night Off-Broadway performance of "Hedwig and the Angry Inch." Yes, I'm obsessed, thank you very much.

Best Show That I Never Watch: The West Wing. It's amazing. I only ever see it when I go home and my mom shows me taped re-runs. But you should watch it, to compensate for my erring ways. Wednesdays at 9.

Best Single Episode of a TV Show, Possibly Ever: The all-musical episode of Buffy. You know how drug dealers will give you free crack - the first time? That's what this episode is like. It's an Instant Junkie formula for theatre geeks.

Best Use of Silence in a Film: In the Bedroom. I'm not sure what the talking-to-not ratio is, but I'm curious. Every word on the screen, spoken or unspoken, hits like an avalanche. For me, it's how the movie "Ordinary People" should have been. (Of course, there are those who would disagree. Like the girls I overheard in the Cinemark bathroom, who "fell asleep, like, eight times" and regretted not seeing Resident Evil instead.)

Best Movie About High School: Ghost World nails the tragicomicness of high school existence. Tragicomicness. It's a word 'cuz I said it.

The "Nothing is Sexier Than Evil" Award: This one is a tie between James Marsters of "Buffy the Vampire Slayer"

(as bad guy/good guy Spike) and Michael Rosenbaum of "Smallville" (as bad-guy-to-be Lex Luthor). The quintessential cat on the lap of the villain never had it so good.

Best Film Soundtracks: The Royal Tenenbaums makes Nico sound appetizing. Vanilla Sky shakes an actual good song out of Paul McCartney. Ghost World combines Indian retro rock, the Buzzcocks and forgotten blues records like ingredients in a very kooky recipe.

Best Ad-Libbing in a Feature Film: Marlon Brando in The Score. I don't know if that man stuck to a word of the script, but I laughed every time he opened his mouth.

Silliest Video On Loan from Shaun Boyle: "Cannibal: The Musical." You may never again see the stage version of Matt Stone and Trey Parker's show, which had a brief run off-Broadway in 2001. But you can purchase the video from your friends at Troma! Prepare for liberal use of spurting blood and the word "schpedoinkel."

Most Gratifying Choice from the Video-to-Go Employee Pick Shelf: "Girl Fight." This movie is so refresh-

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXI

by M. Zole
www.zole.org

I WOULD LIKE TO
INTRODUCE A NEW
CHARACTER TO
DEATH TO THE
EXTREMIST.

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN: TWO.

HIYA.

1

2

1

2

1

2

1

2

1

2

1

2

C'MON, MAKE WITH
THE FUNNY.

I CAN'T.

1

2

1

2

1

2

ingly not-Hollywood that it feels real. It's like Rocky, minus the cornball factor, starring a chick.

Best Trendy Indie Record Purchase: The White Stripes, "White Blood Cells." A very diverse, accessible album by a duo who sounds like they actually enjoy playing music. Go fig. (Plus the video for "I'm in Love with a Girl" demonstrates the underappreciated art of Lego animation. Download now.)

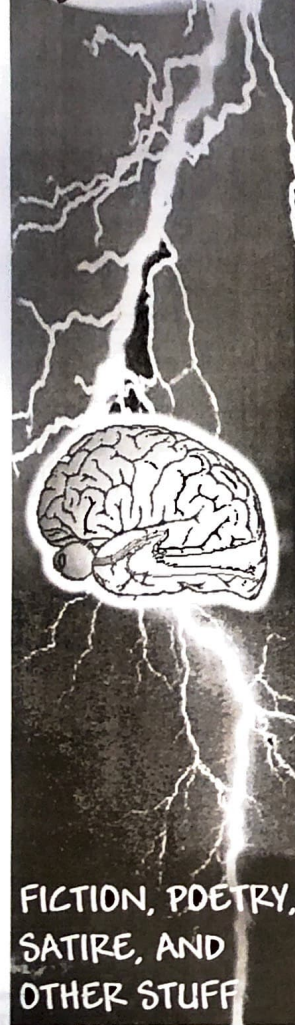
Best Song Off My Elvis Costello CD: "Oliver's Army." If anyone knows what it's about, please email me at

gwatkins@hampshire.edu. Seriously.

Best Innovation in CD Packaging: Christine Ebersole, who leaves art behind her like other people leave footprints, gave me a set of Belle and Sebastian CDs in a brilliant homemade case. It's kind of like a little accordion with a book cover, that fastens with a beaded string. If you're nice to me, I might let you play with it. I expect to see them on shelves everywhere by 2010.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

THE FAN

Her mother's vase shattered against the wall, the pieces falling to the ground in a satisfying clatter. "Why couldn't it be ME?!" she shrieked, I hate him I hate him I hate HER!!!! She barely knew what she was saying as she crumpled into a sobbing, shaking ball on her heart shaped carpet. She gripped her toe-socked ankles with her manicured fingers and rocked back and forth, murmuring softly to herself. "Why her? WHY HER and not ME?!" Alas, no one was there to hear her laments. "I've been true to you, Justin, I've been more than loyal... your name is tattooed on my ass! MY ASS! Do you hear me?!"

She had good reason to be upset. He owed it to her, didn't he? After all the magazines she subscribed to with the hopes of the slightest reference, the smallest photo of his handsome face... all the posters she bought that covered her pink walls... the shrine in her closet over flowing with candles, poems, his sweat stained underwear she bought on Ebay... The same magazines that had fueled her passion now delivered a distressing bit of news. He had betrayed her! Disposing of her like yesterday's Capri pants, Justin Timberlake was now with that shrieky, lip syncing, fake-titted whore Brittany.

She stood up, wiped her mascara-stained face, straightened her N'SYNC tank top, and stared at herself in the mirror. "The time to hesitate is through," she said aloud. Arming herself with her curling iron,

manicure scissors, and a crow bar she stomped out of her house onto her Miami street. She knew her destination. And she wasn't worried about transportation. Her mother kept a spare key to the mini van in one of those fake rocks in the flower box....

The Pine Scented car freshener swung back and forth with increasing speed. She sped around cars, through stop signs and elderly pedestrians in blind concentration on her single purpose. Car horns screamed in indignance and then faded as she left them behind. Her knuckles grew whiter and her ringed fingers increased their grip on the wheel. She grew nearer to the neighborhood she knew quite well by now. Many late night vigils outside Justin's mansion had made her familiar. Suddenly, in the other lanes of the highway, she spotted a white stretch limo approaching. Now half-crazed with determination, she jerked the mini van to a hard left forcing the limo driver to swerve to a screeching stop.

With a tribal defiance, she gave out a guttural screech of "Bye bye BYE you two-timing son of a bitch!" and leapt onto the hood of the limousine. First raised above her pony-tailed head, the crowbar smashed through the windshield to the dismay of the chauffeur. She continued pummeling the hood.

If only she had noticed the faces of frightened young teenagers in formal wear peering out of the back windows. It wasn't long before the policemen and stun guns got to her.



by Jessica Greenberg, contributor

THE LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT, PART 1

by Christopher Braak, columnist

Once upon a time, when the stars still spun around the earth, and a man might walk to the edge of the world and still fall off, the Long Night fell. The Long Night is part of a cycle of things, of the time when the Dark is at its strongest, when daylight is far away, and men and women wait in fear, as though the Sun might not come back. But there are two sides to every coin, and the Long Night is also a time of glory for the Light, as it returns, beset at every side, its battle almost lost; the Light rallies and brings with it the light of a new day, a new year, and a new age. One time, though, a long, long time ago, while men and women waited in fear as though the sun might not come back, it didn't.

And so, there was a man, the Gypsy Csucskari, whose left eye was a different color from his right; his right eye was brown, and saw the mundane world as we see it, but his left eye was mid-summer green, and saw light and color where others saw nothing. And because of this, the Gypsy Csucskari was a talto, and he learned many secrets of the world with his magic eye. At the time of the Long Night, Csucskari the Gypsy, who was a talto and knew many secrets of the world, stood on a mountain-top and waited for the sun to rise. When the night remained dark, Csucskari grew worried. He covered over his right eye and looked with his left, but still he saw no sign of light. So, Csucskari, who was a talto and knew many secrets of the world, reached up and took hold of the tail of the wind, and flew with his

fluttering cloak to find the sun.

On the wings of the wind he flew through the great Middle Desert, which was far larger then than it is now, to the center of that blasted, ashen land. There stood a great obelisk, carved from a single black stone. The sands whirled around the monolith, which was twice the height of a man, as Csucskari the Gypsy paced about it. Csucskari closed his right eye and looked; he looked first at the side that faced the frozen sea of Borealis, and saw with his magic eye the light of the Northern Lights. The Gypsy Csucskari tried his magic, but this side of the obelisk remained unchanged. He then moved to the side that faced the great Eastern Jungles and saw with his magic eye the light of the Rising Sun, and Csucskari tried his magic—but still, the black stone remained unchanged. Then, Csucskari moved to the side that faced the Frozen Desert called Austrialis, and he saw with his magic eye the Southern Lights. Csucskari tried his magic a third time, and a third time the obelisk did not change. Csucskari the Gypsy was beginning to grow frustrated; he moved to the fourth side of the obelisk, the side that faced the vast, blue-green Ocean and with his magic eye he saw the light of the Setting Sun, and he tried his magic, but still he met with failure.

Csucskari the Gypsy, who was a talto and knew many secrets of the world, was beginning to grow afraid. In the cold, dark Middle Desert that was at the center of the world, he stood alone and angry because he could not find the cause of the

missing Sun. But suddenly, Csucskari realized what he was forgetting. The obelisk had a fifth side, a secret side that was hidden from anyone who didn't know where to look. Csucskari then closed both his eyes and faced the fifth side, the side that faced inward, and he saw the first light that shone from the core of the world, and then he tried his magic. And the obelisk vanished, revealing the light and song of the inner heavens. And in its place there stood a door, and beyond the door stretched the Hall of Bone.

The Hall of Bone is immensely long, and Csucskari could not see the end. It was made of the skeletons, the ribs and skulls and vertebrae and all manner of other bones, of all things that had ever been. As Csucskari the Gypsy walked across the uneven floor, he saw the skeletons of the great beasts that had lived before the Coming of the Waters. He saw the skulls of men and the wings of birds. He saw the teeth of wolves and lions, and the twisted, malformed bones of things too horrible to mention. He became afraid as he trod among these remnants of the dead, but then took heart; for he knew that old bones could not harm him.

At the end of the Hall of Bone is the Artifice, the Machine that made the world move. This was the single device that spun the Sun and Moon, it brought the Seasons and kept the Stars from crashing to the earth. It is a thing to fabulous to describe, a thing of pistons and gears and wheels

continued on page 12

SO... YA WANNA BE A PIRATE

Drunken music permeated the lower deck of the Iron Maiden. Captain Rednose was nursing his usual bottle of grog, while his fearsome, intoxicated crew sang popular pirate songs, like "wooden leg, broken heart" and "walkin' the plank of love." Cries of 'Aye' and 'Arr' and 'Yo Ho Ho' (whatever that meant), accompanied by the quaint sounds of smashing glass, clashing cutlasses, and breaking bones vibrated through the salt-soaked floorboards.

"It's times like these that makes you glad to be a pirate" said the captain to Chester, an inexperienced sailor, who was obviously frightened by those in his company.

"Oh, yes sir...glad to be a pirate..." agreed Chester.

"Ye are glad to be a pirate, RIGHT?"

"Oh yes sir," Chester nodded, "I feel so lucky that you happened to capture my ship, then murder my captain and most of the crew, loot our treasure hold, and force me to join your crew...yes sir...lucky."

A ratty parrot named Gibbet squawked from the chandelier and drunkenly flew to the captain's side, where a shot glass of gin was placed in front of it.

"There's a good bird" hiccuped the captain.

The kitchen door opened abruptly, and the cook stepped out with a platter of undercooked fish. "Thanks to this morning's catch, there's Red Herring for everyone!" shouted the cook. An excited though short pirate shouted "Last one in line gets keelhaunched!" and with a surge of excitement, a group of pirates

raced to eat.

Chester sulked his way to the corner. He was bored of the weeks of mind numbing tedium and endless servings of boiled turtle and hardtack, though he had no desire to try the half-processed, half-burnt delicacy being served. Chester wiped the tears from his stinging eyes, and saw the grizzled face of the oldest pirate he had ever seen. Chester tried to ignore the man.

"Arr, I'm Graybeard, the Elderly Pirate, and who Arr ye?" "Chester" he squeaked.

"That's yer pirate name?! Ye want to be a pirate, boy, take my advice: Change your name. Try something like 'Dread Bob' or 'Six Fingered Jack.'" Graybeard squinted at the boy of eighteen through a clouded glass eye. "Ye don't look like ye be a pirate, matey."

"Aye," piped Chester, "I really don't want to be here. I'm bored of the plundering and sacking, and I miss me fiancée back home."

"Well, when we get to port, you'll have all the wimmin ye be wantin'."

"Aye, but what I mean is that I want the girl I left back home. I really am bored of raping and pillaging anyway."

"Ye what?!" boomed the Elderly Pirate. Chester noticed that the pirate had a cane which rattled when he spoke. "No pirate gets bored of those things. What's wrong with ye?"

Chester felt considerably uncomfortable, and felt the need to change the subject.

"What happened to your eye?" he asked.

"Well," began the pirate, "if ye ever happen to be wrestling

an albatross for a good writing quill...." The elderly pirate trailed off into a softened, though embarrassed "Arrr."

Suddenly an argument arose from the other side of the room. It was Hans, Fritz, and Gunther, the terrible trio garbling over a deck of cards. They were a ruthless threesome, notorious for cheating at gambling. One of them had apparently tried to win with "five of a suit" and the fight broke out from there. Chester took this distraction as an opportunity to get out of there. He scrambled on to the deck where Bucky Buccaneer was lying in a drunken stupor in the crow's nest having a revealing conversation with the Jolly Roger on the pirate flag.

"Have ye ever eaten a cackle-fruit, and realized that there's a chicken inside?" Bucky asked the skull, then nodded in agreement with the waving flag.

Chester felt trapped. He hated this boat, and the crew, and there was no where for him to go. The rocking of the boat soon made him seasick, then sleepy. Chester, nauseated and lonely though he was, soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Chester awoke with a start when he heard a loud booming voice yell "FIRE!" followed by the similar booming sound of the cannon. There was another ship in very close proximity, and the crew was preparing to board and loot it.

Bucky, now with a horrible hangover, finally noticed the ship, which had obviously been there for quite some time and shouted "Merchant ship off the starboard side!" but, most of the crew, hung over as they were, had already noticed it.

The men threw grappling hooks and drew the ship closer and started to board. Chester rolled his eyes at the tedium he realized awaited him. Hoping to avoid any kind of close combat, he turned to find a good hiding spot so he wouldn't have to loot and sack another ship, but no sooner had he turned around when a familiar wooden cane crushed his big toe.

"Good morning matey, and where do ye think ye be off to when such a fine ship be waiting for ye to plunder?" it was Graybeard, who was intent on turning Chester around to enjoy the life of pirating.

"I uhh.... well... I ..lost me cutlass overboard, I think I'll have to sit this one out," lied Chester.

"That be lies yer tellin' me boy!, yer cutlass is in yer belt." A radiant, but dangerous fire had started to burn within the old man's eyes. Chester looked down at his belt. He grabbed the cutlass, and threw it overboard.

"Methinks yer mistaken, Graybeard."

"What? I guess me vision ain't what it used to be." Chester sighed with relief that the ancient pirate was senile. He had turned to go when he felt something poke him in the back.. "Boy, yer

not getting off so easy. Take my cutlass." With sunken expectations, Chester dragged himself onto the other ship where a massive and bloody sword fight was at hand. "Not again, not another sword fight, please!" thought Chester. He looked over at Graybeard who was enthusiastically beating merchant sailors from the rival ship with his cane. Chester walked calmly through the mess of blood and carnage, hauling Graybeard's heavy cutlass. Yawning, he picked the pockets of some of his fallen crew mates, and figured he could always use an extra piece-of-eight for his savings, where he planned on buying a sapphire-studded washboard for his love back home.

Dreadlocks, the newly recruited locksmith from the Caribbean, noticed the lone pirate from his crew mulling about on the deck, and not fighting, or even the slightest bit interested. He said something to Rich Way the navigator, who mentioned something to Gibbet, the still-drunk parrot, who flew over to Rednose and squawked something incomprehensible to the Captain. When the merchant sailors had been successfully killed and taken as slaves and

new recruits, Rednose turned the crew's attention to himself and launched an inspiring speech.

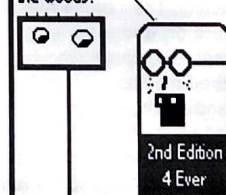
"It comes to my attention," he began "that a scrawny coward walks among us by the name of Chester." The crew gasped, and suddenly, Chester felt that every functional eye was on him. He shivered with goose bumps and gulped as he realized that he was in trouble. "This scurvy-racked scoundrel has the nerve to think that he doesn't want to be a pirate!" The stamping of peg legs, the scraping of hooks and other artificial limbs accompanied a very hushed 'Arr' among the crew. "This man deserves no place of honor off the Barbary coast, and certainly should not be aloud to participate in any of the usual looting and plundering that must be earned by any respekt'able pirate." An 'Arr' of agreement spread through the crowd. A glass eye rolled across the deck, and now, Chester felt that even Graybeard was watching him. Hans, Fritz, and Gunther exchanged looks, and the entire crew of the Iron Maiden knew that someone was going to walk the plank.



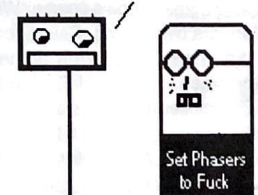
SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore

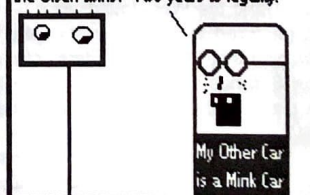
Dude, it's going to be so bad. I'll become a slang term, i.e. "Does a wild bear Episode 2 in the woods?"



I'LL BUGGER YE BLIND, BLACKSHIRT!!!



But even though Natalie Portman is in it again, I got tired of... you know... to her after I got Leon on DVD. Now I'm all about the Olsen twins. Two years to legality!



THE LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT

and springs, all silent now as the Artifice stood still. And there, at the Artifice in the center of the world, the Machine that moved the Sun and Moon, was a man that Csucskari the Gypsy knew well; this was Ulfric, the War Hound, a warrior of the Northmen.

Ulfric was a giant of a man, a mountain that walked, with bright red hair. He was of the Northern People, who lived at the far edge of the world and who wrestled and fought with wolves and bears, and sometimes bore their children. Ulfric carried his helmet, a beautiful silver thing called the Unconquerable, under his left arm, and carried his war-axe, the massive blade called Troll-Cleaver, in his right, and he carried no shield but instead the skin of a great bear that he wore as a cloak. "Csucskari, my old friend!" Cried Ulfric, the War Hound. "What are you doing here?"

"I do not doubt," replied Csucskari, the Gypsy, "that I am here for the same reason that you are. I am looking for the lost sun."

"I too, seek the lost sun," said Ulfric, the War Hound. "For it is said that should the Artifice fail to spin the sun and moon, then the stars will come crashing to the earth and the Dark will reign over all things. But look!" said Ulfric the War Hound, as he gestured to a place in the Machine that Moved the Stars, "the Sun has been stolen from its place, and so the Artifice is still."

"But," said Csucskari, who was a taltos, and knew many secrets of the world, "How do you know this, and how did you

come to be here?"

Then Ulfric laughed and said, "Do you think you are the only one with magic? Wothan, the Hanged Man, the One-Eyed God, told me these things, and so I ran here from the Northlands so that I could help the Sun to rise again."

Csucskari, the Gypsy, nodded. "We must be off, then," he said. "We shall retrieve the Sun, and return it to its proper place, so that the Machine might move again, and keep the stars in the sky, and the Sun and the Moon circling the earth, and bring the seasons."

"We must be off," agreed Ulfric. "But to where? We do not know who stole the Sun."

"That is true," said Csucskari, the Gypsy, who was a taltos and knew many secrets of the world, "But there may be a way. We shall go to Inanna, the Queen of the City of Dreams, which exists in all places in the world, and its proximity is measured only by its distance from the light of Day."

"You are right," said Ulfric, the War Hound, to his friend. "For, in the midst of the Long Night, the City of Dreams can be reached easily, and Inanna, who is Queen of the City That Is In All Places, will surely know who stole the Sun."

Having agreed upon a course of action, the two friends, Csucskari the Gypsy, and Ulfric of the Northmen, left the Hall of Bone. The closed their eyes and stepped forward, there in the ashen desert in the center of the world, and the ground fell away beneath them, and then the ground returned. Ulfric the

War Hound and Csucskari the Gypsy opened their eyes to see the gates of Horn and Ivory, and before it the Guardian.

For, the gates of the City of Dreams are guarded by the thing called Diardaoin, the great black beast with a hundred heads and glaring green eyes, which haunts the dreams of all men. "Interlopers!" Cried the great black beast that haunts the dreams of men. "None may pass!"

Csucskari made as if to step forward, but Ulfric stopped him. "No," said Ulfric, the War Hound. "I will challenge him to a duel." And so Ulfric put on his helmet, called Unconquerable, and hefted his war-axe, called Troll-Cleaver. He shouted to Diardaoin, the great black beast that haunts the dreams of men, "I challenge you, monster who cowers in the night!"

"What?" cried Diardaoin, in surprise.

"I challenge you, shapeless spawn of fear!" cried Ulfric, again.

"What?" screamed Diardaoin in disbelief as he raised himself to his towering full height.

"I challenge you, Diardaoin, the black beast that haunts the dreams of men!" roared Ulfric in response.

"So be it!" growled Diardaoin, and so he fell upon Ulfric the War Hound. Their battle raged for hours on end, or a single heartbeat—Diardaoin, who had a hundred mouths each with a thousand teeth, snapped and gnashed his jaws at Ulfric who fended off the jaws with his massive fists. Diardaoin, who had

continued on next page

a hundred arms, each with a hundred claws, slashed and rent at Ulfric, who neatly cut off each arm with his great war-axe. Their battle was heard and felt across the world, for the gates of the City of Dreams stand in all places at once, and it seemed that they would fight forever. But in the end, Diardaoin could not win; he did not know the secret of Ulfric's helm—that, with the helm Unconquerable, Ulfric was impossible to defeat in battle. After many hours of ferocious battle, Diardaoin collapsed from exhaustion, at the foot of the gates of the City of Dreams.

Ulfric, the War Hound, took a moment to catch his breath, then said to Csucskari, his friend, "Shall we go on to the City of Dreams, then?"

Csucskari, the Gypsy, and Ulfric of the Northmen went on into the City of Dreams, which is both the most beautiful and the most frightening city on earth. For the City of Dreams is made of the dreams of all men and women and children, of their joyous dreams and of their nightmares. It contained all the most beautiful dreams, and it had soaring, slender silver towers and minarets, and beautiful citadels and castles and palaces and gardens and temples. But it was also a place of nightmares, and below the city were the dark, labyrinthine tunnels, the malignant back alleys, and the deep, black, oubliettes. It was through the beautiful silver city that Csucskari and Ulfric walked, through the beautiful twisting streets, on bridges above the seething black maze below them, to the heart of the city, the gleaming Silver Palace.

No one dared stop Csucskari, who was a taltos, as everyone

knew, and could work horrible magics on those who opposed him, or Ulfric, who was the War Hound, as everyone knew, and could destroy an army with his great war-axe called Troll-Cleaver. Csucskari, the Gypsy, and the War Hound, Ulfric, came at last to the center of the palace, where they met Inanna, Queen of the City of Dreams. Inanna was the most beautiful of all women who had ever lived, with skin as pale as Moonlight, and eyes as dark as Night, and her hair was a mane of peacock feathers that shimmered blue and green. But she was also a creature of magic, and so her power waxed and waned with the power of her city. At the time of the Long Night, where the Dark was at its peak, Inanna was at her strongest. She stood before Csucskari and Ulfric, with her dark eyes and her hair of shimmering feathers, and she wore a beautiful gown made of pure, molten silver. Inanna, Queen of the City of Dreams, stood in her throne room, which was carved of silver and decorated with lapis lazuli.

"Queen Inanna," said Csucskari the Gypsy, bowing low. "Great Goddess of the City of Dreams. We come seeking your aid."

"For what purpose?" Asked, Inanna, of the City of Dreams, coolly.

"As you know, the Sun has been stolen from the Artifice that moves the world and keeps the Stars and Sun and Moon in the sky, and brings the seasons," said Ulfric. "We need your help to recover the Sun, for otherwise, the Stars and Moon will crash to the earth, and the Dark will reign over the world."

"Why," asked Inanna, Queen of the City of Dreams, "Should I

help you? As you know, my own power waxes and wanes with the power of my city. In the Long Night, my power is at its greatest, and, should the Dark reign over the world, my power would never wane."

"It is true," said Csucskari, the Gypsy, who was a taltos and knew many secrets of the world, "that if the Long Night remained forever, so too would your power. But the Dark would bring more than just the Night. It would also bring fear to all the peoples of the world. And if all the peoples of the world are afraid, then they will have only nightmares." At this, Csucskari swirled his cloak and gestured towards the City of Dreams. "The City of Dreams is made of the dreams of all men and women and children. But if they have only nightmares, then all the beauty and joy of the City of Dreams will vanish, leaving only the dark labyrinthine tunnels, and the deep, black oubliettes. You will reign supreme in your land, yes, but it will be a land of fear and terror, a land of monsters and darkness and nightmares. Is that what you want for your power?"

Csucskari's words made Inanna, Queen of the City of Dreams, pause. "You are right, Csucskari. There must needs be a balance," she said, "The Sun was stolen by Ankou, the King of the Unhallowed Dead and Master of the Land Beneath." The Queen of the City of Dreams conjured forth a small white light that floated like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. "Follow this light to the edge of my city, to the Guningagap, the Black Pit at the Edge of the World. There you will find the way to Ankou, and his army of Unhallowed Dead."



CURMUDGEONS AND CIGARS: PART III

Here's the final installment everybody. I hope you all enjoyed it. Maybe if I ever feel like transcribing an interview again (which after this will probably be at least until next year), I'll interview another interesting Hampshire person. I also apologize if any of the town name spellings are incorrect.

BD: Where were you born? Where did you grow up?

LM: I was born in Cook, Nebraska in the midst of the depression. My father took us to Colorado where he first started a creamery in Boulder, Colorado, home of the university of Colorado. Then we moved to Greeley, Colorado where he and a partner started a creamery. They processed milk, made cheese, made ice cream, we had 55 flavors of ice cream, so I grew up in that sense in Greeley Colorado.

Went to the University of Colorado, spent 4 years there and got two and a half years of credit. My father died, I couldn't go on, I didn't have the money. So, I went to San Francisco and became a beatnik for a while and eventually went to San Francisco State and got a degree at the urging of my employers. At the urging of the faculty at San Francisco State, I applied for both Berkeley and Stanford as a Graduate student in Biology. Why should I go to graduate school? I was making lots of money in a physical therapy clinic and these guys, two men and a woman, my mentors at San Francisco State College said, 'Hey, you'll be

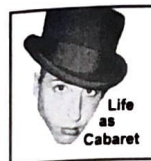
bored to death if you continue in physical therapy!' and it turns out that was almost certainly true, so I went to graduate school and it was great fun.

I had my choice; I got accepted to Berkeley, I got accepted to Stanford. I went over to Berkeley and the new Life Science building was something like this [referring to Cole] but it was 16 stories high with little tiny windows on the outside. You walk in and you go to any floor and you walk down the long dull corridor with offices on the outside and labs on the inside and of course the labs opened up into a great huge hall in the middle of this donut shaped building so all you could see was the other side of the building. I said no thank you, I do not want to spend the rest of my life in a building like this and I went down to Stanford.

At that time the Biology Department was in a part of the old main quad built at the beginning of last century with great huge arched windows with great huge stone blocks so you could actually sit on the windowsill in any room in the building it was open and comfortable. There was a winding staircase full of bottles of David Star Jordan's fish collection, skeletons and everything; I mean it looked like a biology building. So I went there. Of course if you go to Stanford now you go to the biology building and it looks just like Berkeley. It's a brand new building with

continued on page 18

by Beth Day and Sasha Horwitz, columnists



TRAVEL LOG: WINDY CITY 2

by Dorian Gittleman, columnist

We were in Chicago. Chicago! We had downed like two 12-packs of pepsi, driven fifteen hours, and lived. I think this makes us hardcore. Except for the pop music. I'm not sure how hardcore you can be with all that Britney.

When we got to Katya's, Brooke and Leslie totally crashed, while I just sat around kickin' on my laptop and talking to Katya, whom I hadn't seen in forever and a day. She and I share the bond of a love of geek power. We're girls around geeks. It's kindof like being groupies, only horribly wrong. So we caught up and waited for the ladies to wake up, which they finally did thank god. And then it was time to shop.

We shop. We really shop. Leslie and I are in fact, power shoppers, sent to conquer the world's sales. Katya took us to a thrift store where too many pairs of shoes were bought, along with a fabulous pair of green lace gloves, which for some reason I gave to Katya instead of keeping for my own selfish nefarious purposes. Lace gloves are sexy. They just are.

But even the thrift shopping goodness was not as important (to me anyway) as the marvels of Michigan Avenue. It's essentially fifth avenue in a different city. And they have a Neiman Marcus. Wheeee! I went through Neiman's and Sak's and had a field day as everyone else

kinda chased after me going "We're cold!" We also stopped at a Walgreens to buy ghetto warm gear. I was going without socks in Chicago. Not my smartest move.

The best part of our day, debatably our trip, was lunch at Bistro 110. I had essentially come a thousand miles for this meal, if that makes any sense. The food. Oh my god the food. There was bread with fresh roasted garlic, and escargo, and chocolate cake, and ever so much goodness. We spent a fortune.

But I'm getting distracted away from the point of this trip, which was to see that guy. Whoever he was. Leslie and Brooke were going to stay with him that Friday night after we were done with our feast. Only it didn't work that way at all. Because it started to snow.

Snow was definitely not a factor we had counted into this equation. You'd think it would have occurred to us, since we were in Chicago, that windy city, but no. I blithely assumed someone else had checked the weather report and went on with life.

Unfortunately, Brooke can't drive in snow. She's from South Carolina, and snow just doesn't happen for her. And Random asshole boy, as I shall now call him, lived somewhere where they didn't plow. So Brooke and Leslie were stuck. The four of us ended up going out to Gosford Park, which was definitely one

of my favorite movies this year. Ryan Philippe is only good at being a worthless boy toy. But he's SUCH a good worthless boy toy. (WBT.) So yeah, we went to the movie, which was friggin expensive, as this entire weekend was ending up being, and came back to Katya's. I called the bed by seniority, and Brooke and Leslie ended up on the floor. Not a happy situation.

The next day was going to be a bit better. Theoretically. Katya and I stuck around the apartment as Brooke and Leslie went out to find art and that boy and the American Girl store. But at like 5 o'clock I get the call. "Dorian, there's gonna be a snow storm. Chicago's going to freeze and we won't be able to get out." Oh the fear. Trapped in Chicago, no way out, so much wind. "Okay. Get back here right now," I said calmly. "We're going to Kentucky."

I'm always bringing up my Kentucky heritage, not because I'm proud of it precisely, but because I'm proud for surviving it. But now, that Kentucky thing was going to come in damn handy. I was a mere five hours away, instead of MA, which was a hefty fifteen. And I always like to visit home, as long as I don't have to stay there.

So Leslie and Brooke came back, we packed, and we set off for Louisville.

I've reached 700 words again. More next time.



SECTION
SWEET

THE GEEK GIRLS' CRUSH GUIDE: SETTING A NEW STANDARD OF MALE BEAUTY

by Christine Fernsebner, Eslao and Laura Torres, geek girls

Geek gals have special needs. Just because you are muscular and have a well formed jaw doesn't mean we are going to swoon over you any time soon. It takes a special kind of man to make Christine and I waste hours of time looking for the perfect internet pic to satisfy our lascivious wants. We offer the following as a handy guide to you, whether you be a potential suitor or a fellow geek girl who's wondering what's missing from her life.

John Cusack

"Have you seen say anything? Enough said." But if you haven't, let me just say "he has that cute little boy smile," says qualified NS Geek Beth Day. Cusack fulfills the most charming trait of any geek boy: awkwardness.

Spike

He's hot, he's brooding, he has incredible cheekbones, and, according to a source who wishes to remain anonymous, "his eyes bore through to your soul." Not to mention the jacket. His fake British accent enralls all the denizens of Mod 48. In addition to being more or less a complete slut, he's also a convenient whipping boy. And before he was a vampire he was an awkward poet boy.

Patrick Stewart

As another *Omen* columnist wrote years ago: "His piercing grey eyes, his grim smile... I realized right then and there that

Patrick must be the sexiest man on the planet." The same holds true now, two and a half years (and five volumes of the *Omen*) later.

Gigolo Joe, the Jude Law sexbot from A.I.

He's like Jude Law, but obligated to fuck you. Not to mention that he's a robot, and all robots are sexy (see explodingdog.com). He can make makeup come out of his palm, and he has a built-in jukebox.



Nick Cave, hiding
Kylie Minogue's body.

Nick Cave

He has a love song that starts with "I don't believe in an interventionist God," and as Christine says "that automatically makes him hot." In addition he has a wonderful haunting look in his eyes and he and his band always wear suits even when

performing mundane tasks or sitting in boats surrounded by fake plastic water.



Steve the Blues Clues Guy

He's friendly, good with kids and has a Thinking Chair. He wears an adorable stripey shirt that begs to be ripped off his body in a small space... like a closet or an elevator. He dances and sings.

Lex Luthor

Lex is filthy rich, lives in a Scottish castle in the middle of Kansas, wears the most fetching long black coats, and clearly wants Clark Kent. This is all very attractive. Christine has difficulty believing that anyone watches *Smallville* for anything other than the homoerotic subtext.

Steve Buscemi

He always plays gawky loser characters, and the fact that he's actually a good actor only bolsters his geek sex appeal.



Lex Luthor, smelling sunflowers.



Zole, playing video games.

Objectively, he's just funny looking. Nonetheless, he is irresistible.

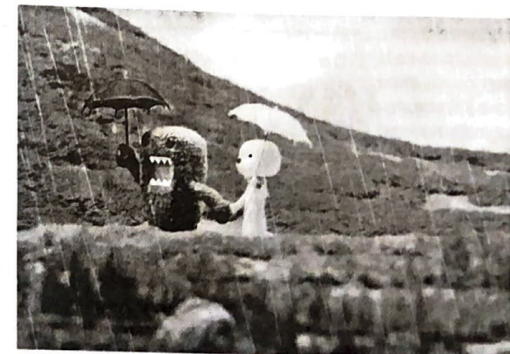
Zole

The little hearts bobbing from his head in the photo are 100% natural. He says things like, "Does not the Global Sustainability Festival sound like the most fun fucking event ever?" He wears this exquisite burgundy cardigan and is gangly and believes that web comics are a valid pastime. And he has all the video games. All of them.

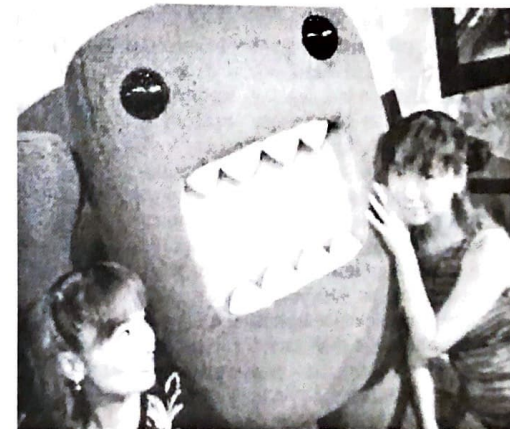
And the ultimate geek crush object is:

Domo-kun

First of all, he doesn't really kill kittens on behalf of God and doesn't care either way if you masturbate. His adorably cute visage causes Laura to make incredible sounds. Let us transcribe: "It's embarrassing to admit how many hours I have dedicated to looking at domo-kun pictures on the internet with one hand down my pants," gushes Laura, unintelligible turkey sounds edited out.



left: Domo, walking with his lady friend.
below: Chicks dig domo.



CURMUDGEONS AND CIGARS

little tiny slit windows. So I got lucky, I got really lucky when I went to Stanford. And I grew up at Stanford. When you ask me where I grew up, I grew up at Stanford.

SH: What's your position on Stem Cell Research

LM: Well, I see no reason to put barriers on stem cell research, with human embryos or other embryos, I think that the hype about — I have been telling my students for the past 30 years that instead of gene cloning we should be doing research on eliminating the markers on cells that cause them to be immunologically rejected by the recipient. So, stem cells might do that. I've been telling them this much

more if you got a person who can't make adenosine deaminase, the so called kids in bubbles, Severe Combined Immunological Deficiency. Instead of trying to stick the gene in, which is now being done with some success, you should stick stem cells into the bone marrow so they can make their own adenosine deaminase. I've been arguing that for 30 years. There's a lot of work that needs to be done to show that any cell that's stuck into an individual, not the same individual, will grow up and mature and not elicit an immune response. Or even worse, become an immune cell which becomes immune against the host. You get a graft versus host reaction.

So it's like gene cloning.

You want to know a long story? 1958 Joshua Letterburg came to Stanford. He was a Nobel Prize winner; Stanford built a whole huge new wing of the new medical school for the genetics department run by Joshua Letterburg. Arthur Cornburg and his entire biochemistry group came from Washington University to the new medical school. They were waiting for the biochemists because we now had two Nobel Prize winners both interested in DNA. Letterburg got up and in his inaugural address said 'With

Do you know the old German definition of a professor?

Ein herr anderen meinung - A man of a different opinion.

the technology we now have, we will be able to cure genetic diseases in 5-10 years'. That was 1958. In 1970, W. French Anderson, with the National Institute of Health, said 'With the new genetic technology, — we now have gene splicing — with the new genetic technology we will cure genetic diseases in 5-10 years'.

It's the exactly the same picture in Physics with fusion. We've spent billions and billions and billions of dollars on fusion to try and have cheap electricity. They still have great huge machines crushing atoms together trying to get fusion to occur without blowing the world up and every year the newest biggest billion dollar machine comes out and we're going to have fusion in 5-10 years. Well if the clever physicists can't solve fusion in a bottle, how are we ever going to solve the much more complex problems in biology in a test tube? So, I am heartened by the fact that there

are some clues that we might be able to do stem cell transplantation and cure or at least modify the course of some genetic diseases, but I think your grandchildren will be the first to benefit.

BD: Can you juggle?

LM: No, I have one son who juggles, but not I.

SH: What's the best or most interesting controversy you can remember happening at Hampshire?

LM: That's really hard cause you see, do you know the old German definition of a professor? Ein herr anderen meinung — A man of a different opinion. We now have women of different opinions as well. Faculty members are like little kids, faculty members are always juvenile. And we are self-selective. We want to go on learning, we want to go on thinking, we want to be independent, we want to have our own opinion on everything just like any other kid. As soon as the faculty member grows up they go into the administration or they retire. So here we have all these crazy faculty members, some of whom have some expertise in some fields and so forth and so on, and they fight like crazy all the time. So all the interesting problems are usually unsolved. They're usually shelved on the back burner, because the faculty can never agree on anything. So the administrators write the rules really, and the faculty complain bitterly about the rules but they can never organize to get together. The second president of Hampshire had the following story about who runs the college. He said people come into my office

with complaints. One student in my office is worth six faculty members. And you never get more than six faculty members to organize together for any length of time. Then he said one parent is worth six students. So if you want to change something at Hampshire College, you get six parents to go in there and say 'Change this!' and it will happen.

BD: I guess that's kind of the first year plan with parents complaining about their kids wasting their money not getting anything done.

LM: Well, but you see whatever the reasons for that are, when most students come to Hampshire College, it's a college of last resort. They don't want to go to their local state university or to the colleges their parents went to, so they come to Hampshire College thinking the will be able to set up their own careers and manipulate their own education and so forth and so on, which is what we promise them. But all of a sudden, they realize they have all these rules and regulations, you've got to pass your Div

I exams, whatever the rules and regulations are or will be. It's the job of the faculty to get the students to work and the student says "Well I want to do my own stuff!" and so okay go do your own stuff, but if you don't do it, then you're wasting your parent's dollars.

SH: What do you think would happen to Hampshire if you left?

LM: What do I think would

happen? Nothing would happen to Hampshire. Hell, I am not even a little cog in the wheel, and usually considered to be the person who's sticking an iron jack in the wheel to keep it from moving. So, what would happen? Well what would happen is that someone else would have to become the resident curmudgeon. I hope that if when I go someone else takes over this essential role. But nothing will happen. One of the students who talked at graduation some years ago, when I was the faculty toaster, to give a toast to the students, walked by me smoking out here everyday and he said at the convocation, graduation, said 'Every now and then over in front of the library smoking a cigar and I'm terribly disoriented, I don't know where I am.' He said, 'When Lynn God forbid ever goes, we should erect a bronze statue out here of him smoking a cigar so that every body knows where they are on campus.'

BD: Why do you only allow people to play 9-ball at your house?

LM: Because all the other games are far too slow, especially for amateurs, and 9-ball is much faster, and is in effect less difficult than 8-ball or any of the other more complicated games. That and it's fun. Besides, if you go on television and watch all of the pro pool players now they play 9-ball. You never see a televised 8-ball game or a televised snooker game that are probably played by the professionals, but never on television because everyone recognizes that it's a faster and more interesting game.

SH: We do have this one last question, what is your favorite dinosaur?

LM: What is my favorite dinosaur? I have no favorite...oh what is my favorite dinosaur? The present President! I didn't say the president of Hampshire. You could talk about the present President of the United States or the present President of almost anything you can imagine, they're all dinosaurs.



Cannabis and eye-patches:
CATSBY'S GREAT ADVENTURE

This is a picture from third grade, just after having climbed Mt. Bottleneck on a class trip.

We were supposed to be studying plants along the trail, making little drawings of their leaves to put in a 'flora journal'.

But before I get ahead of myself, there's something you should really know about my teacher.

Mrs. Feinstein tended to take her class to Mt. Bottleneck for a very specific reason.

That reason, was cannabis.

Aaron Would Be a Good Boyfriend

by Christopher Braak

Aaron Buchsbaum is a funny man. He has fun hair. He likes to fence. Women should date Aaron. He would be a good boyfriend. I think that Aaron would be nice to his girlfriend, and buy her many things. He would make songs and things for her, to celebrate his love. He would probably also be a good lay. And he likes to fence. Aaron studies nutrition and architecture. Architecture is good, but offers little in the way of impressing young women. So, then. Young women that find Aaron cute, should date him. He is fun to be around. He likes to play Magic. Aaron likes to

listen to lots and lots of music. He likes everything except for country, and Christian rock songs.



Aaron also writes many articles for the Omen. Like this article, that I have just written. Although, his articles are not

about him, like this article is. Aaron has many female friends, because he is sensitive. He is a sensitive, fun guy, who likes long walks on the beach. His hair is brown, but his eyes are kind of bluish. He is fairly tall, that is to say, taller than me, but not taller than Issac Hayes.

In conclusion, as I said earlier, Aaron would be a good boyfriend. He would be very nice to his girlfriend, buy her things, and write her songs. He would also take her out to many fine restaurants, symphonies, and Broadway shows. If I were a woman, or a gay man, I would definitely date Aaron.



Aaron Would Not Be Such a Good Boyfriend

by Michael Zole

What you've just been told is a lie. Aaron is a funny man. But not "ha-ha" funny. His hairstyle is similar to mine, but way less dissheveled. Which is not funny. Women should make a conscious effort not to date Aaron. He would be a rather lousy boyfriend. He would neglect his girlfriend, using her for sexual favors without reciprocating. He only fences so he can get chicks. He studies nutrition and architecture, but he mostly plays Alien vs. Predator 2 and never goes outside. Young women that find Aaron cute, should date him, but it would still be a bad idea. Granted, he likes to play Magic, but his card collection is truly lame. He listens to all kinds of music because he has no specific taste. And, he is

weak and indecisive.

Contrary to what you may have heard, Aaron doesn't write many articles for the Omen. Most of them are just comics, which aren't as good as mine, and if my comics don't get me laid, then his should not get him laid. Aaron has many female friends, who

are under the delusion that he does not want to sleep with them. In truth he only puts up with their inane banter for a slim chance at getting in their pants. He is tall, but I'm way taller.

Overall, I would encourage you not to believe these lies that you have been told. Aaron would be a horrible boyfriend who would leave you miserable and bitter and unable to accept human love. When he takes you out on a first date and tells you not to order anything expensive, this should be your first warning that he is a cheap bastard. If I were a woman, my outlandish height would seem even stranger. But I wouldn't date Aaron, thank you very much. And I suggest that you do the same.



"SCREAMING INFIDELITIES": A LYRICAL INTERPRETATION

(lyrics/punctuation copied exactly from fan site)

*I'm missing your bed, I never sleep.
Avoiding the spots, where'd we'd have to speak
And this bottle of beast, is taking me home*

He and his girlfriend just broke up, and he really misses her. It's painful for him to go to places where they used to go together, like the park, or a certain cafe, so he avoids those spots as to not further hurt himself. The "bottle of beast" he speaks of is most likely a hard liquor—he's drinking to forget the heartbreak.

*I'm cuddling close, to blankets and sheets
You're not alone, and you're not discreet
You make sure I know, whose taking you home*

He's got nothing to sleep with but his bedding. And to top off the breakup, his girl is seeing a new man—or men. She's flaunting her new relationships and letting him know that she's over him. This hurts.

*I'm reading your note, over again
There's not a word, that I comprehend
except when you sign it, "I will love you always,
and forever."*

All he's got left of her is memories and the break-up letter, which he reads constantly trying to figure out why it all ended. He still can't make any sense of it though, except for her final declaration of love.

(Chorus)

*As for now, I'm gonna hear the saddest songs
and sit alone and wonder, how you're making out
but as for me, I wish that I was anywhere
with anyone, making out*

All he really can do is listen to sad songs all by his lonesome, and all the while wonder how his ex-girlfriend is doing—"making out." And in his lonely sad-song-listening reveries, he just wishes he was somewhere else, kissing someone—"making out." (Authors Note: Not to show bias, but I believe this is one of the greatest stanzas ever written since music has graced this

Earth!! Definitely one of the most clever!!!)

*I'm missing your laugh. How did it break?
And When did your eyes, begin to look fake?
I hope you're as happy, as you are pretending*

At this point in the song there appears to be a bit of growth and distance—he's finding it hard to remember the little details about her anymore. But deep down inside, he knows that she's not as satisfied with her new relationships as she's fronting to be. He knows her better than anyone, you see.

*I'm cuddling close, to blankets and sheets.
And I am alone, In my defeat.
I wish I knew you were safely at home*

Again the blankets and sheets are mentioned; it's obvious that they are a sad substitute for her warm body. He knows that she isn't coming back, and he accepts his defeat. Yet, his heart and mind betray him, and he wonders if she's OK—wherever she may be...even if it isn't with him.

*I'm missing your bed, I never sleep.
Avoiding the spots where we'd have to speak.
And this bottle of beast, is taking me home.*

You'll notice this is a reprise of the first three lines. This represents his thoughts coming full circle. He still misses her, he's still avoiding their special places, and he is still going to imbibe as a way to escape.

*As for now, I'm gonna hear the saddest songs
and sit alone and wonder, how you're making out
but as for me, I wish that I was anywhere
with anyone, making out*

A repeat of the chorus. The impact of the words is even stronger the second time around!!

Your hair. Its everywhere.
Screaming Infidelities, and. taking Its wear.

Don't ask me. These lines make no fucking sense.



JACOBI IS TARDY! WATERMELON DOUNTS! BAD IDEA! POUTINE! IS PLentiful! CHAVI! RUINS MY SWEATER! BENNI! HAS ANIMALS ATTACKING HIS ASS! X-PAC! IS LOOKING FOR TORONTO HOOKERS! SCIENTOLOGISTS! FEEL THE WRATH OF WADE! STUCKWISCH! LABATT'S BLUE! IS A POOR MAN'S SAM ADAMS! ROSIE! DRINKS THE ALUMS UNDER THE TABLE! KARL MOORE! LOVES THE EUROPEAN DANCERS! CANADIAN CARTOON NETWORK! BRINGS THE HILARITY! IT'S THE GRANDDADDY OF THEM ALL! WRESTLEMANIA, BABY! IT'S THE OMEN ROAD REPORT! SPRING BREAK 2X2!

(Benni said he was going to deliver the road trip report last week, so although I wanted to add my two cents, I wasn't too worried when I couldn't muster the energy to write an Omen article of my own. But since he did such a cursory, marshy job, it's 2X2, Pierce. Kayabe is dead, you have to bring the content. So here is the lowdown on what really happened. I make no claims to the accuracy or validity of anything contained within. Caveat Emptor, Sic Semper Tyrans, and E Pluribus Unum.)

YOUR GUIDE TO THE PLAYERS:

Jeffrey Paternostro: Nice Ric Flair, probably going to Westmania. Michael Benni Pierce: Nice Chris Jericho, probably going to Westmania. Rosalinda Valdez: Nice Dylan Thomas, probably going to Westmania. Karl Moore: Nice Hugh Hefner, probably going to Westmania. Jacob Chabot: Nice Jacob Chabot, probably going to Westmania. Wade Stuckwisch: Nice L. Ron Hubbard, probably going to Westmania.

DAY ONE: FRIDAY

We had made plans to leave Thursday night, and drive straight through until morning. Canada or bust, we. Unfortunately, former Omen patriarch, Jacob Chabot decides he is going to forgo the country's all together respectable bus system and wait until he can get his hands on a car. Sadly, that means he doesn't arrive at Hampshire until 2 in the fucking morning. I spend the idle hours editing various WWF things (Kickin' Ass on the Grass V, Miami Quid, April 26th anniversary. Be there), and marveling at the cleanliness of Benni's room. Hmmm, twenty-two, neat, thin, and single. Makes far too many forable entry jokes on the car ride. I'll let the reader decide.

Regardless, Jacob shows up and I take off, quickly blowing up faster than Billy Gunn with a steroid needle in his ass as I run down to Benni's poor, maligned car so we can get the fuck out of Dodge. Then I realize I forgot my mix CD, and run back up to get it, and then back down again. Looks like it is time to hit the Starmaster. With all five of us packed and ready we head out for our great neighbor to the north. My mix CD kicks everyone's asses, as we make lots of Crazy Taxi jokes for the first leg of the trip. Benni's mix quickly puts me to sleep, so it is time for a rest stop. Northeastern rest stops are actually pretty clean, all in all. Though they do have their fair share of racist graffiti on the men's room walls. I decide that it is time for a preposterous amount of caffeine as I hit the Dunkin' Donuts, mixing black coffee, and the poor bastard son of Mountain Dew, Mello Yello. As if my stomach wasn't going to be fucked up enough, I add a 4 AM crosshairs. My stomach quickly starts the "E-C-Dub!" chant. Still, I feel like I fare better than Karl who goes for the watermelon donut. However, I am now at full attention as my bloodstream seems to absorb liquids at an obscenely quick rate when I don't eat much. Keep this in mind for later.

Back in the car, I probably annoy everyone with my loud, loud singing to the loud, loud System of a Down CD. Man that CD rocks hardcore. E-C-Dub! E-C-Dub!

Seriously though, a nice rockin' album, and this coming from someone who hates ninety percent of nu-crap-rock-metal. About five AM, the Cowboy Bebop soundtrack goes in and freaks out everyone with its bizarre contrast to the previous music. This is about the time that Benni and Karl start acting out bizarre scenarios to the music. Keep in mind Benni is supposed to be driving. This is also about the time I believe we start wondering what X-Pac was up to, which would become one of the bigger running jokes for the trip. If we had only known the truth then, we could have found him and killed him, or at least broke his knees. Luckily, I am spared too much of Karl and Benni acting out a getaway scene to Caribbean style music, as the caffeine wears off and I begin to drift into slumber once again.

We hit the border a little before 9 AM. We pass through customs with the greatest of ease, making me regret going home to get my birth certificate and missing the Saturday night of ludicrous drinking, bawling, and leaving bizarre answering machine messages back at Hampshire. Canada is pretty much like the U.S., strangely enough. But the road signs are in kilometers (freaky), and the currency is difference (very freaky). I quickly determine that Western Ontario is Canada's answer to Eastern Ohio, which makes geographic sense, kind of. Everything is flat, though there seem to be less federal prisons and subsidized farms. Or maybe more, this is Canada after all. We quickly discover the 15% sales tax, so the money has to be going somewhere. We find our hotel pretty easily, despite the efforts of Canadian drivers trying to kill us. There are three lanes on this side of the road for convenience. It is not requisite that you use them all in the space of five seconds. Toronto drivers rank right up there with Massachusetts drivers in the annals of incompetent motorists.

We find, much to our amazement, that our hotel is across from the Brass Rail, a quite fortuitous location strip club that is about as tall as our hotel. Only our hotel doesn't have 145 nude dancers. Quite an achievement of Canadian architecture and zoning laws. It's almost ten, so we decide to head over to Aovess. The WWF fan festival, since our tickets are for the Noon session.

We quickly discover that we should really convert over to Canadian currency, as every time we use good, wholesome, In God We Trust, American currency we get screwed over. Jacob doesn't have a ticket, so he has to wait in line. The rest of us wait in a much, much longer line, after several aborted attempts to find food, to get inside. Karl and I discuss our favorite Westmania matches and make snide comments about WWF fans. I proclaim my hatred for WWF fans, and it would not be the last time. This was probably about the time I saw the teenager in the replica Hardy's elbow pads, carrying his backyard fed belt. (Looks like, Ma! I can jump off the roof through a flaming battle, and I cool?) I really hate WWF fans. Jacob joins us, and I proclaim my love for the Steamboat/Savage IC title match at Westmania III, I really need to watch it again to see if it holds up, as well as my love for the Michaels/Razor ladder match, and the Austin/Hart 7 Quilt match. Benni overhears one of the security guards say that Chris Jericho will be upstairs on the night signing autographs, and makes plans to bum rush the poor unsuspecting Jericho. Their hypothetical conversation probably would have gone something like this:

BENNI: (trying to act cool) Hey Chris, I just wanted to say, I'm a big fan, and it is an honor to meet you.

JERICHO: Well, that means a lot to me, Junior. (signs autograph, hands it to Benni)

BENNI: (trying to act cool, failing) Oh my god, I'll be in the bathroom.

Unfortunately for Benni he waits an hour and a half in line, only to see Jericho leave a few people before he gets there. Well, at least he didn't have to change his pants. Karl and Jacob accidentally end up in the wrong line and

get to meet Nash and Hall. I buy the Booker T t-shirt and the disposable camera, after I bought three the day before and then forgot to pack them. Sadly, my search for the elusive Kaienta shirt remains unsuccessful, as Aovess is sorely lacking in the underpushed wrestler merchandise department. I then wander around downstairs and quickly decide to wait for the live wrestling to start up, and grab a good seat a few feet from the Aovess ring. The wrestling starts about one, and I am right there, a far cry from where my seats will be a few nights later. The Frink brings out Teddy Long who is going to be the first match.

SPIKE DUDLEY v. BROCK LESNAR
Lesnar is a former NCAA Collegiate Wrestling Champion and looks like Scott Steiner with a huge tattoo, and even huger shoulders. He is quite obviously on the HHH diet. I really need to meet his nutritionist. He looks like he'll be a world champion in five years, given Vince's fetish for pushing big guys to the top. Hopefully, he'll be closer to 1991 Scott Steiner than 2001 Scott Steiner as a wrestler. If so, he doesn't really show it in this match, which was kind of disappointing, though it probably went a good ten minutes. Spike is legitimately maybe 5'7", 150. He is also away from the crowd, especially the little kids. As for the match:

THE GOOD: Spike shows his willingness to die in front of 500 people as he takes the death bump onto the really unsturdy looking railing, and a quasi-neck bump on a turning powerman from Lesnar.

THE BAD: Lesnar must think this is 1985 Memphis and not 2002 Toronto, because he stalls for a good three minutes before actually...doing...something. His power arsenal is impressive, but he throws terrible punches, and when you are ten feet away, you can't show daylight. Cmon, it's Spike, hit him right in the mouth, he probably won't care.

THE VERDICT: Lesnar goes over with his fireman's carry into a DDT finisher. Sadly, no 450 splash, though I don't trust him to hit it cleanly anyway, especially on these ropes, which looked like they were loose even for the WWF. The match was okay, and they both did a good job playing to the crowd, but you have to bring the wrestling to get my seal of approval, and this really didn't do it.

The Frink brings out Bossman next. I have no beef with the Bossman, and he is a genuinely good guy and seems to get a big kick out of being there. The sound crew screws up Mr. Perfect's theme, but I recognize the beginning, and start screaming like an idiot, and sure enough, Mr. Perfect comes out. After a brief interview, the loss is out for some Q+A, and the WWF fans further annoy me with their idiosyncrasy and/or smartassness. It's all good though, cause Mr. Perfect is gold on the mic, though he never does spit out his gum and slap it away.

I move into better position for the next match, but Rosie and Benni spot me and motion for me to come over. I stupidly give up my great seat to hear Benni's story of woe at not getting Jericho's autograph, and as I predicted, when the next match starts I get crowded out, and are rendered unable to see anything. Luckily it is Randy Orton vs. Justin Credible, so I am actually better off. I wander around some more, before coming back for the Edge interview. He too seems genuinely excited and overwhelmed (it is his hometown), so it's warm fuzzies all around. Rosie gets on the mic! And asks him about his favorite Westmania matches. Edge confirms his coolness by listing most of the matches I named while waiting outside. At some point Jacob and Karl come by and tell us they are making a food run. I haven't eaten in twelve hours, but I refuse to leave the premises. Keep this in mind for later.

Next up is the Tough Enough exhibition, and I get to see CHAVO-I! Not only that, but I get to see CHAVO-I wrestle Harvard Chris, one of the runners up from Tough Enough 1.

CHAVO-I GUERRERO JR. v. HARVARD CHRIS

THE GOOD: CHAVO-I supplied the guts of the match, ending Chris in and leading him by the hand through some nice stuff. Chavo hits a nice headscissors reversal out of a tilt-a-whirl suplex, and takes the death bump out to the floor through the bottom and middle rope. Man, with EDDY-I coming back soon, I hope we get to see them tag or feud. CHAVO-I needs to be on my TV right now.

THE BAD: There were some awkward spots where Chris seemed unsure what to do, but given his experience level, that's to be expected. He also throws two WWF level punches, meaning he shows tons of daylight. CHAVO-I had some trouble getting him up for the brainbuster, but Chris needed to be a man and take that bump on his neck, it ended up looking like a sloppy suplex. Sadly, no rock splash from CHAVO-I! But with those ropes, I don't really blame him.

THE VERDICT: CHAVO-I takes it with an avalanche style brainbuster in about seven minutes. The perfectly acceptable wrestling. By far, the best match of the day, and actually better than several matches at Westmania.

The best part came after the match as CHAVO-I stops to pose for a picture with Benni, Rosie and me, and sweats all over my sweater. Coolness.

Finally, there is a brief promotional thing with a bunch of streets and Kane (looking goodly cool in his mask and suit clothes) hyping WWF Niagara Falls, man if I was at home right now I would be leaning on the FF button, but I'm not, so I can't. The crowd chants for Kane to choke him Coachman, but sadly it is not to be. We head out, thoroughly starving, but with no sign of Jacob or Karl. We finally find them coming out of the parking lot, as they regale us with stories of Booker T beating young children at Playstation. Booker is the last great heel in American wrestling (screw you, X-Pac).

We check into the hotel, which we learn has moved us into a suite. Unfortunately that means one bed, and this is not Little House on the Prairie. Canada TV amuses us by showing circuit 24 hours a day. I try to catch up on the NCAA tournament, while various people clean up for dinner. I shower, finally, washing off the CHAVO-I sweat from my body. I have now not eaten in fourteen hours. Keep that in mind for later.

After perusing the Toronto night life and exchanging our currency, we settle on a nice looking bistro, the Brownstone, with its nouveau, light Italian fare. Our waiter quickly proves to be all the entertainment we need for the night, as Karl tries to order a martini, but the waiter insists on making him a cosmopolitan. Rosie orders one too. Jacob orders water. Benni, Coke. I also order a Coke, as I don't like to drink before dinner. Keep that in mind for later.

Well, he brings over three cosmos and two cokes. So I say, what the heck, I'm of legal age here in Canada. I'll drink the extra cosmos. So I do.

"Wait a minute, didn't I write an article blasting a certain other publication for glorifying drug and alcohol use. Wait, this is the Omen. I don't have to pretend like I have even a shred of journalistic integrity or objectivity. Whoohoo! Boozie!"

I quickly find out that either the Absolut Citron is much more potent in Canada, or my waiter is trying to get me liquored up, as there are about three shots of vodka to the one splash of cranberry juice. Having not eaten in fourteen hours, I quickly begin to slump down in my chair. I'm no lightweight, either. I pound down some focaccia to try to even out the alcohol to anything else content in my stomach, and manage to sit upright by the time my food gets here.

The waiter has to come back twice for our order and still screws up my food. It works out okay, since the veggie wrap I end up getting is pretty good. I theorize that he's a bartender by trade and not a waiter, but that theory

seems shot since we deduce that the only drink he knows how to make is a Cosmopolitan. Well, that's okay with me, because he makes one hell of a Cosmopolitan. He makes up for the gross incompetence by about 75 bucks Canadian for a 120 buck meal. We tip him enough to put his kids through college.

Back at the hotel we discover the wonder of Teletons, the Canadian Cartoon network, as they deliver the cracked out American cartoons that flopped horribly because they are simply too bizarre for American audiences. In a two hour block known as "Teletons Unleashed," "The Oblongs" is clearly the class of the crowd, but "Quads" wins me over with its sheep fucking and casual male frontal nudity. Take that, Adult Swim! "Mission Hill" is quite okay with a neat animation style. "Undergrads" is the weakest of the bunch, but is quite tolerable fare. Sometime during "Mission Hill" Benni tells Karl to beat up Jacob, which he is about to, right up until Jacob starts pointing at Karl's crotch DX-style. Karl responds as any knowledgeable fan would, delivering the crotch chops in perfect synch. The pointing v. crotch chop war continues for a good five minutes before Karl gets DQ'd for kicking Jacob in the head.

Despite the annoying lack of beds, our hotel room redeems itself by having a great view into the top of the Brass Rail. Whoever decided to put glass walls up there has my thanks.

I end up passing out on the floor, sometime around midnight or so, after finding a pillow inside a random drawer.

DAY TWO: SATURDAY

Our Saturday begins sometime in the afternoon as we rouse at various times and go through showering as we watch more bizarre "Canadian" cartoons and more surfing. Today is pretty much a free day as we wait for Wade to come up from Albany. Benni realizes that he doesn't have Wade's number, making communication that much more difficult. We walk around some more, stopping for some more native Canadian fare at a local "Burger King." They have the lost Canadian delicacy, poutine, and both Jacob and Karl pony up the extra \$1.80 ca. for the gravy and cheese curds. I give them due props as they show far more intestinal fortitude than I would have.

We drive over to the Skydome to have a look around, Toronto is actually a really nice city. It reminds me a lot of downtown Hartford. It doesn't have the used car lots alongside the strip clubs and jai alai to make it a true Canadian Hartford, but it's pretty close. We stop at the CN tower which looks really neat, but a massively long and pricey elevator ride to look at the city through a glass wall would not seem so much for my mild claustrophobia and not so mild acrophobia, so I pass up the opportunity. Wade finally calls Benni and we fill him in on the four-one-one. We make plans to meet back at the hotel, and we head over to the gift shop where we spot Al Snow and Harvard Chris. I consider trying to get a picture with them, but they seem to be with their S.O.s, so I decide to let them have a bit of peace. Unlike the "WWF fans" on the balcony who shout "Look it's Al Snow!"

We wander down to the arcade, where Karl and Jacob try their hand at the Canadian arcade classic "Firefighter: American Heroes." I try my luck at a soccer game, complete with simulation soccer ball plunger, which you have to forcibly kick to make the ball go anywhere. I end up with a very sore ankle, and a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Germans. I decide to stick to games I am good at, but my air hockey skills seem to have eroded from my younger days, as I suffer a humiliating defeat to Michael Benni Pierce. Last year, he beats me at bocce, now air hockey. I must go home shamed. Karl tries his luck, and Benni shows his rudeness by firing a shot right dead center at Karl's testicles.

He's does Jericho proud with that nutshot, as Karl doubles over on the ground. Benni easily wins from there. What a punk bastard! Maybe I shouldn't ask for a bocce rematch.

We wander around some more, but it seems to be the commercial district of town, so there is very little to do. We decide that driving to Westmania is probably a bad idea, and elect to take the subway, which will turn out to be an adventure in and of itself. Back at the hotel we finally meet up with Wade and his friend, Brendan, and it is time to hit the bars, I mean town. We stop off at a nice pub where I dig into the chicken fingers. I decide not to repeat my mistake of last night, and avoid the alcohol for now. We end up blowing a ton more cash than we did the night before, but it is Spring Break-I Jacob tells great stories about Wade getting duct taped and left in the quad while drunk. He also delivers the classic Mark Hugo at Hooters story. A good time was had by all. This is what Spring Break is about, wrestling, alcohol, and good company.

Afterwards we continue the night of drinking as we look up and down for a suitable bar before giving up and setting for a cramped little sports bar a few blocks down from the hotel. Wade orders up the pitchers of Labatt's Blue which I have heard is quite the Canadian juggernaut of beers. So I am disappointed to learn that it is pretty much a poor man's Sam Adams. Slightly below the beer Mendoza line, while Sam Adams is slightly above I am also unimpressed by the Moosehead we order about five pitchers later. But watching Rosie put away alcohol faster than Wade, who is the reigning king of getting preposterously drunk is suitable entertainment for the evening. This eventually leads to a drink-off where Rosie humiliates Wade by chugging down a glass of Blue while Wade is still sipping like it's absinthe and he is discussing foreign policy with Aaron Burr. The king is dead, long live the king. Eventually a challenge is issued for April 6th, a one-night drink off for alcoholic supremacy. Wade later pusses out. We again rack up a fairly obscene bill. Canadian taxes sure do suck. I give up my plan to move to Toronto despite national health care and three story strip clubs.

My decision is further confirmed on the walk back, as the wind is blowing off the lakes, and I am quite cold despite being dressed warmly. This seeming contradiction annoys me. Wade realizes he left his thug gangster wool cap back in the bar and goes back to get it while Rosie, Benni and I continue back to the warmth of the hotel. The rest of the group wanders in a few minutes later, as I once again discover the wonder of Teletons Unleashed. Of course, in my selfish attempts to get warm, I miss Wade pissing on the Scientology Building.

Let me explain. A few blocks from our hotel is some sort of Scientology office complex. We were all suitably bewildered the first time we saw it, but Karl seemed quite enamored with it. He was doing a full travogue of the trip through his supply of disposable cameras, and wanted a good shot of the building. On the way back from the bar with Wade's hat, Karl asked him for a photo-op in front of the building. Wade obliged and performed as if it urinate on it. Everything seemed normal, until Karl realized that Wade was indeed urinating. Furthermore, the building does not sleep for fear of the intergalactic worms taking over their bodies.

Back at the hotel I try to upgrade my floor/bed with some couch cushions. My back pays the price for my hubris the next morning.

Stay tuned for the next installment, and Westmania!



HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHERS? BELOW WE HAVE EVERYTHING FROM LINGUISTS TO FEMINISTS, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO PUT THEIR NAMES IN PROPER ORDER. ONCE DONE, TRANSFER THE NUMBERED SPACES INTO THE BLANK PARAGRAPH AT THE BOTTOM TO REVEAL AN INSPIRATIONAL QUOTE BY NOTED PHILOSOPHER, P. ANDERSON. IT'S MORE FUN THAN A BARRELL FULL OF FRENCH EXISTENTIALISTS!!

JANE DALLIUBARRD

RAEBTL SACMU

NAYCN CODROOWH

CASQUJE RIRDADE

NOJH DYEWEE

RUBMEOT COE

MIANTR GIEDERHEG

DLUECA TASLSIUSERV

LUAJI KTANIISR

CIDRERHIF HEZNTCIE

TAERBDRN LEURSL

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